

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

Published daily during the college year except Sundays, Mondays, holidays and final examination periods by the Associated Students, University of Oregon.
Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice, Eugene, Oregon.

RAY SCHRICK, Editor; BETTY BIGGS SCHRICK, Business Mgr.

Dunc Wimpers, Managing Editor Jack Billings, News Editor
Ted Bush, Associate Editor John Mathews, Associate Editor

Member
Associated Collegiate Press
ALL-AMERICAN 1942

UPPER BUSINESS STAFF
Advertising Managers: John Jensen, Cecil Sharp, Shirley Davis, Russ Smelser, Connie Fullmer, Circulation Manager.
Lois Claus, Classified Advertising Manager.
Elizabeth Edmunds, National Advertising Manager.

Represented for national advertising by NATIONAL ADVERTISING SERVICE, INC., college publishers' representative, 420 Madison Ave., New York—Chicago—Boston—Los Angeles—San Francisco—Portland—Seattle.

"Social work is one of the largest fields for women now, and will become even more important in the future as a result of the great destruction and upheaval we are bound to face. Trained women will be needed to take care of the hosts of homeless, aged and young dependents left without men to support them, shell-shocked soldiers and civilians suffering from shock."—Prof. Agnes M. H. Byrnes, chairman of the department of sociology and anthropology, Hunter college, points a course for young women interested in fundamental post-war careers. (ACP)

Beat the Scrap To Beat the Jap

THE car-splitting uproar of an Oregon noise parade will shake Eugene windows this morning, as University students slap their bit of scrap for the Japs into Eugene's scrap pool.

With the twang of bed springs and old saws, the resonance of kettles, the rattle of tireless, dismantled jaloppies, the clamor of hammers on wash tubs, the squeak of rickety wagons, and general pandemonium created by the clash of thousands of metallic objects plus, no doubt, the quack of enthusiastic Ducks, Oregon students will make their noise in the world.

* * *

OLD hands will see some alterations in the 1942 version of the racket parade with a serious note distinguishable in the uproar. The parade will be too previous to rank its old position on the Homecoming program. There will be no alums present to swell the clamor. This year two defense bonds are the prizes, and floats will be judged as much for size, amount of scrap, as for noise.

Beneath the blatant surface of this rally there is a purposeful organization. Webfoots have planned this parade with more serious intent than ever before. They may beat the scrap now, but the scrap's meant to beat the Jap.—J.A.W.

Exceptions Make the Rule

THE executive council 1941-42 didn't know what it was doing to executive council 1942-43 when it "got tough" on scholarship restrictions last spring and went overboard for rigidity with no provision for legitimate exceptions. Warned against this at the time by Dean of Men Virgil D. Earl, council adviser, the rules have come home to roost at the expense of this year's group.

Requirements state, in part: A student to be eligible for activities "must have a minimum of 12 hours, the previous term," and "must be registered in a minimum of 12 hours."

* * *

TWO logical exceptions to the rules: Number one, Student Body President Les Anderson, who took more than 12 hours last spring, but because of a national student body president's conference took incompletes which put him below that number. Second, Wes Sullivan, senior representative and Oregana editor, who needs less than 12 hours a term to graduate and who by the rule would be forced to "cram courses" to over-graduate.

Recognizing the need to right a wrong, which would technically put the pair (and others like them) automatically out of office, the scholarship committee has amended the rules to cover exceptions. Incompletes count in total term hours, provided they are removed in one term, and a qualified senior who can make graduation requirements by carrying a lighter load, does not have to cram 12 hours to graduate.

Modifications will be complete when the executive council adds scholarship committee changes to its own list of requirements. It's just an unjust case where one executive council dug a pit, and two members of the next one fell into it.

Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

Second Ending

West-coasters, especially San Franciscans, remember the name Vernon Alley as belonging to one of the sharpest dog-house lads ever to warm these shores. Almost without number are the foggy midnights at Post and Fillmore that were pierced by the feel and the sound of Alley's evil bass, and still further beyond count are the feet that tapped in unison with it, and the swaying bodies, and the nodding heads.

A couple of years ago the great Lionel Hampton peeked under the bushel that calls itself Club Alabama. What he saw there almost blinded him. Being no moron, and being a lover of the music he plays, the king of the vibes snatched Alley from under the noses of fans a-plenty and more, and give his combo an exciting shot in the arm.

Parted Ways

As is the way of the jazz world, though, Hampton and Alley came to a parting of the ways.

Pals of the San Francisco terrifico kept coming around to the Fillmore nitery with a half-expectant eye. But V. A. wasn't there. In his spot was a youngster from Sacramento—an even greater sensation than the old standby himself. And his pals went away. Alley was gone, they said. He was forgotten.

Take Heart

Well, take heart, brethren. Turn your weary lamps to column three, page seven of the October 1 issue of Downbeat. See what it says there? See what it says about a lad who wears the monicker of, yes, Vernon Alley, who has just joined the ranks of an 88 man you've probably heard of Remember Count Basie?

* * *

Fellows. I know this is hard to take. I know this is a great blow to the music world and to us as lovers of good jazz, but it must be said, if only in a whisper. Men: Phil Spitalny's tuba gal left him flat.

There, there.

* * *

For those who get their kicks from a good knocked-out vocal, (Please turn to page seven)

It's Our War . . .

Campus Correspondent

By NORMA TREVORROW

Somewhere in Oregon . . . Warren Finke and Jimmy Newquist, Betas, were added to the list of shipyard slaves in the position of expediter. "Pancho" rode a bicycle with the added duty of looking—earned a dollar twenty an hour. Jim pointed to who, telling where and when to put what, how—for ninety cents an hour.

Ann Holway, Gamma Phi, had 100 men coming to see her every day this summer. That's the kind of a job to have: personnel department, Willamette Iron and Steel corporation . . . Jane Baker is the gal to know—she works on the sugar rationing.

'Hello' to 'Ox'

We'd like to say hello to Cadet "Ox" Wilson, A.T.O., who's going into his advanced training down in Pensacola and, incidentally, is regularly receiving the Emerald. . . .

We offer our very best rating for the most patriotic house on the campus so far. The Gamma Phi picking party sounded like fun and probably was—yet kneeling down in the mud and laboriously separating filberts from leaves sounds a lot more like

War Digest

By LYNN JOHNSON

This week's chapter in the history of a world at war opened with a note of optimism sounded by Prime Minister Winston Churchill in a speech at Edinburgh, Scotland. The prime minister pictured the Allies as moving steadily onward toward the attainment of overwhelming strength, while Hitler's prospects had immeasurably darkened.

The optimism of Mr. Churchill's remarks was borne out to an extent by the apparent failure of the Nazis to crush the defenses of Stalingrad after 45 days of tremendously expensive siege. Something more for Adolph to explain to the home folks were the large-scale raids by American and British bombers on Nazi industrial centers.

Shift to Pacific

World attention shifted suddenly from flaming Stalingrad to the southwest Pacific. Renewed action in this theater was prefaced by the navy announcement disclosing the loss of the American cruisers Astoria, Quincy and Vincennes in the early stages of the Solomon battle, August 8.

The three new cruisers were lost in a furious, close-range battle with Japanese fleet units while covering the landing of U. S. marines opening the Solomons land offensive. The Australian cruiser Canberra, previously reported sunk, went down in the same engagement.

Enemy Losses

News of this severe blow to our sea power in the Pacific was followed quickly by reports of compensating losses inflicted on the enemy in the Aleutian and Solomon areas where U. S. submarines and surface craft sank ten enemy warships and damaged six others.

The situation in the southwest Pacific changed rapidly during the week as did the intensity of battle around Stalingrad, where axis assaults ebbed and flowed with uncertain intent.

New Tank

As the week drew to a close the Nazis were hurling new tank and infantry divisions at battered Stalingrad, but the focal point of interest fell on the Solomon islands where it appeared a decisive battle was in progress for the key island of Guadalcanal.

The Japanese, risking an important part of their fleet, succeeded in landing a major force on the northern shores of Guadalcanal. The landings were made 36

hours after enemy surface craft had bombarded the airfield, captured from them by the marines as it was nearing completion.

Airfields Bombed

The airfield, vital to the defense of the islands, was subjected to heavy aerial bombings on Thursday and Friday.

Reports of the progress of the battle are scarce, but it is evident that the Japs are extremely anxious to regain control of the Solomons and are willing to risk much valuable equipment and manpower in the attempt.

Between The Lines

By ROY NELSON

WE TAKE YOU to the corner of Thirteenth and Pearl. To our left is a display of colorful lawnmowers and shapely garbage cans. All is quiet, except for the soft bark of the band and the soothing grunt of pig iron moving in from our right. There seems to be a parade . . . for noise . . . for scrap.

What does our watch say? It says tick, tock. It's about that time.

Choo-Choo Dumped

Now we can see a Chi Psi skip up to the pile. In one hand is a locomotive, in another a few sections of track, and in another an automobile. Also navigating to the heap are Alpha Gams sporting a car said to have been purloined Thursday night, but later recovered amid applause by some Pi Kap sleuths. One or two sophomores come up with razor blades.

Somebody blows his nose. "Quiet," screams a Thetachi, beating on a dishpan. The band joins in on the chorus. (Stories circulating that the music makers are contributing their instruments may be branded as false.)

Human Interest

Noticeable are a few individuals—Mopping a tear, Jim Thayer bows his head and deposits his key chain . . . Jim Harrison pauses briefly before he finally lays down his paper clip . . . Going all the way is Fred "King Klam" Kuhl, who donates his only means of livelihood—his pail and shovel . . . Not far behind is Art Murphy with a dust pan.

It is whispered that Whiskerino Sheriff Jim Popp was cornered by freshman house brothers who whisked away his whiskers . . . Pi Kap Bob Jacks went out for a short pass in front of the house the other day, didn't see a parked vehicle, and caught six stitches in his chin.

NEXT WEEK—The strange case of "The Man With Sloping Shoulders." See the story of how a campus custom put him in 4F—in Wednesday's column. Please omit flowers.

How Times Change

Wives of faculty members "went to work" at University of Utah, when the cafeteria was faced with labor shortage. The ex-defense-worker student, "passed by the ordinary occupation of working part time in the Union's cafeteria for a more idle life of studying."

—Utah Chronicle.